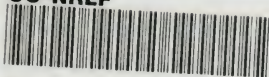
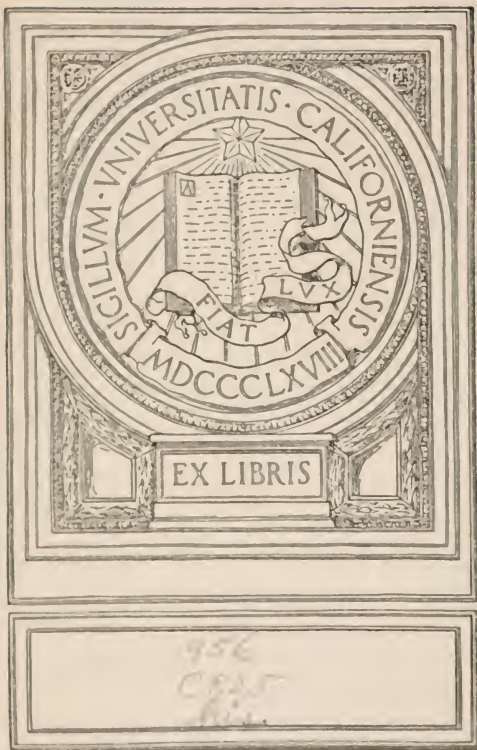


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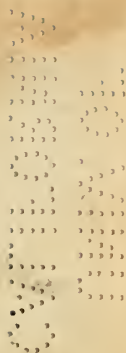


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*The countenance of Henry was expressive of  
pain that of the traveller learned with one glance*

*Published by J. Gory, May 1803*



THE HISTORY  
OF  
HENRY THOMSON,  
OR THE  
REWARD OF FILIAL AFFECTION.

BY JOHN CORRY,  
AUTHOR OF A SATIRICAL VIEW OF LONDON;  
ORIGINAL TALES; &c.

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I was born of woman, have drawn milk.  
As sweet as charity from human breasts.

COWPER.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

*The youthful reader of the following History, will probably sympathize with the hero, whose filial affection prevailed over self-love, and whose social virtue was afterwards rewarded by unexpected aid in the hour of extremity. May all those children who, like Henry Thomson, have repaid the cares of their parents with gratitude, like him be fortunate and happy!*



# THE HISTORY

OF

## HENRY THOMSON.

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HENRY Thomson was the son of William Thomson, a farmer who resided near Seven-Oaks in Kent. His father held the farm on the uncertain tenure of his own life, as the term of his lease expired with himself. This circumstance, which would have induced a prudent man to economise in order to promote the welfare of his children, had a different effect on the farmer. He was a good natured fellow, and rather prodigal, delighting to pass the evening at a neighbouring ale-house with his boon companions; there seated in a snug room the social party discussed the news of the day over a pot of ale, and the operations of agriculture were too often suspended by these negligent tipplers.

Farmer Thomson, however, was by no means insensible of the various comforts

which constantly awaited him at home. His wife was not only virtuous and agreeable, but industrious, and vigilant in the management of her domestic affairs. They had married in the bloom of their years, and their two children, Harry and Nancy, were healthful, beautiful, and obedient.

Mrs. Thomson like a good mother, directed her principal attention to the cultivation of their infant minds. As she was a farmer's daughter herself, she had received what is called in the country a good education, being taught to read, write, and sew, acquirements which throughout life she found of daily utility. Her father, who was a strict and honest churchman, required a punctual attendance at public worship, which inspired her with an habitual reverence of the Deity, and regard for the religion of her ancestors.

Under the influence of these sentiments she inculcated similar principles in the docile minds of her children, insomuch that their first articulation of ideas was praise to the Creator, expressions of gratitude to their parents, and fraternal affection. This excellent mother next taught her children to read, after which Henry was sent to Seven-Oaks, to the best school in that town, as a day

scholar, and not as a boarder. By this judicious plan Henry slept under his natal roof, and continued to share the kindness of his parents. Thus his filial affection was cherished while he obtained all the advantages of the best instruction. As Henry's father though not opulent was in easy circumstances, he resolved to have his son educated for the mercantile profession. Accordingly the youth was kept at school till he had made a considerable proficiency in reading, writing, and arithmetic. To these acquirements a superficial knowledge of the French language was added, which his schoolmaster recommended as an additional aid to the future advancement of his pupil in the commercial world, in consequence of the intercourse kept up between the merchants of France and England in time of peace. This acquisition was afterwards of the greatest advantage to Henry, who was destined to pass through a variety of vicissitudes, of which neither his parents nor his preceptor had the slightest conception.

Henry had now attained his eighteenth year, his constitution was sound, and his exterior handsome. He was tall and muscular for his age, and the candour of his dispo-



sition gave a most interesting animation to his dignified countenance. Like all unsophisticated young men, Henry was honest, generous, and unsuspecting. The comparative advantages of his situation in life, and the consciousness of his superior attainments, did not render him arrogant or assuming; on the contrary, he was social and liberal, and though naturally passionate, he seldom domineered over those whom providence had placed in a subordinate station. His attachment to his parents, particularly his mother, was the most remarkable of his social qualities, and the generous sentiments of patriotism, and a veneration for the free constitution of his country, animated the heart of this public spirited young man.

When Henry had made a proficiency in the before mentioned studies, he was taken from school and continued at home a few months. Farmer Thomson, though careless and imprudent, was an affectionate father, and took his son to London in order to obtain him an employment. This attempt however was unsuccessful, and Henry returned home but little grieved at the disappointment. The solicitude which accompanies business was yet unknown to him; his heart was

untainted, and his mind serene. Being now emancipated from the confinement of school, and secure under the protection of his paternal roof, supplied with necessities, and blessed with a social converse of an affectionate mother and sister; Henry was truly happy. But this was a life of indolence, and as such, incapable of conferring permanent felicity. The mind of man is naturally active; it must be engaged in some pursuit, either virtuous or vicious. Happy is the youth whose active powers of body and mind are busied in well doing! Whether such was the conduct of Henry will be seen in the sequel.

A sudden event roused Henry, and while it destroyed his tranquillity, exercised his fortitude. Farmer Thomson fell sick of a fever, and died in a few days, leaving his disconsolate widow and her children, without property. In consequence of the negligence of his conduct, his affairs were so deeply involved in confusion, that an attorney was employed to settle them. When the accounts were balanced it appeared that the deceased had died insolvent, and property to only the value of ten shillings in the pound remained to satisfy his creditors. The

farm together with the stock on hand, the dwelling house and furniture, were disposed of by auction.

This business was conducted by the principal creditor, Mr. Wilson, a rich farmer, who was not only a friend to the widow and children, but a most benevolent and generous man. Attentive however to the claims of justice, the property was fairly disposed off, and the amount divided among the creditors. Mr. Wilson purchased the principal part of the household furniture, which he presented to the widow, together with a small house, rent-free in the town of Seven-Oaks. Hither Mrs. Thomson went with her children, where together with her daughter Nancy she purposed to earn a livelihood by needle-work.

Henry did not remain inactive, and though unaccustomed to hard labour, he cheerfully went to work in the harvest field of his friend Mr. Wilson. The farmer was gratified to observe this inclination to honest industry in so young a man; especially one who had been bred with other expectations than of subsisting by daily labour.

During the hay-harvest Henry continued to work with alacrity and perseverance, and

though his hands were at first blistered by wielding the fork and the rake, they soon became hardened by toil, and his excellent mother whom he visited every Sunday, encouraged him by her approbation of his conduct. Whatever money remained after the bare supply of bread and cheese, was weekly given by this youth to his mother, and the consciousness that his industry contributed to her comfort, made not only the toil seem light, but rendered his homely food delicious.

When the wheat-harvest came on Henry plied the sickle with success, and as the wages were considerably higher than that paid to hay-makers, he in a few weeks earned several pounds. The termination of harvest rather suppressed the ardour of Henry, and the encreasing price of provisions with the diminution of wages rather disheartened him. He now resolved to try his fortune in London.

Accordingly with the concurrence of his mother he prepared to set out for the capital. Many were the exhortations which Henry received from that good mother. "You are now," said she, "eighteen years of age, a time of life when the inexperienced heart is most liable to be misled by deceptive appear-

ances. London is full of snares to youth, bad company is the worst. Avoid therefore my son all intercourse with gamblers and abandoned women. Whatever honest employment you can obtain attend to it with fidelity to your employer, and above all things “*remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.*” Farewell my child, the daily prayers of an affectionate mother shall recommend you to the care of Divine Providence. Visit us when you can with propriety, and write often.” Henry promised obedience, and embracing his mother and sister, he quitted Seven-Oaks and proceeded towards the capital.

For the first mile of his walk a deep gloom involved his mind: it was the first time he had ventured alone into the world. He was friendless, and almost penniless—but he was virtuous. His feeling heart was without guile, and animated with the purest filial love. The reflection that he had left his mother and sister in a state of indigence, filled his heart with anguish. When he ascended the summit of the hill which overlooks the beautiful vale near Seven-Oaks, he instinctively turned to view his distant birth-place, with a parting glance. “Some

natural tears he dropt, but wip'd them soon," and he walked forward with a quicker pace towards London.

As he entered Bromley he was met by a recruiting party; "The spirit-stirring drum," which has so often charmed youth, now roused the dormant valour of Henry. "What greater master can I serve than the king," says he to himself, "I will enlist, and send the advance money to my mother, they may call it the price of blood, but it is her own!" He then approached the recruiting officer, and offered himself as a volunteer, at the same time enquiring what money was given as advance. "We commonly give ten guineas," replied the officer, "but you shall have fifteen." "Let me have it immediately;" says Henry. "Nay, not so fast, my young friend," says the officer, "we seldom pay on demand." "Then I shall not enter," replied the youth, and walked off.

The recruiting officer immediately followed, and offered him ten guineas on the spot, and the remainder when they came to quarters. This Henry accepted, and became a soldier. On retiring to the rendezvous, he wrote to his mother inclosing a ten pound bank note, and informing her that he was



engaged by a master of the first rank, by whom it was required that he should travel, and consequently it would be some considerable time before he should see her again. But that he would write to inform her of his progress through life.

This first public transaction of Henry was partly blameable and partly praiseworthy. Destitute as he was, though it might be considered imprudent to enter the army, yet there was something noble in his choice, and the sending the money to his mother was an instance of the most generous and enthusiastic filial affection. But Henry was much to blame in concealing the truth from his mother. For though that act of duplicity was to prevent the grief she must feel on finding he had embraced the profession of arms, it left her uncertain of his situation, and made her suffer redoubled anguish, when she afterwards discovered the truth.

From Bromley, Henry proceeded with the recruiting party to join their regiment, and our volunteer was obliged to submit to the rigorous discipline of a drill-sergeant. In a few days Henry learned his exercise, and was enrolled in the grenadier company, where his good-nature and candour gained



him the esteem of his comrades. The winter passed away without any remarkable occurrence, but early in the following spring, the regiment in which Henry served sailed from England for the continent, under the command of the duke of York.

Henry had studiously concealed his situation from his mother and sister, and the chief regret which he felt on leaving his native land, was not having it in his power to bid his beloved parent adieu. Accident, however, discovered the employment of her son to Mrs. Thomson. Among the concourse of people who thronged to see the interesting spectacle of the embarkation of the army, an inhabitant of Seven-Oaks was present, who recognised Henry as he stepped aboard. This news was communicated to the sorrowful widow, whose virtuous bosom felt more grief at the deceit than even at the danger of her son.

Meanwhile, the English army landed on the continent where they joined the Allies, and soon distinguished themselves in their contest with the French. In the month of July Valenciennes surrendered to the duke of York by capitulation. After a variety of military transactions, in which Henry suffer-

ed the hardships of war with manly fortitude, the campaign closed.

The next campaign was still more sanguinary and decisive, and notwithstanding the bravery of the Allies the French were victorious. A small detachment of the English army which was sent to seize some military stores of the enemy, having effected their purpose, were afterwards attacked by a superior number of French, and after a sharp contest of half an hour were obliged to relinquish their prize and retreat.

Henry, who belonged to the detachment was wounded in the thigh by a musket bullet, and left on the field to perish. Such is often the deplorable and destitute state of the wounded soldier, that during the precipitate attacks and retreats of contending armies, he is alike unobserved by friends and enemies.

Although Henry's wound was deep and painful, he had strength enough left to bind it up with a handkerchief, and crawling on his hands and knees to the side of an adjacent road, he seated himself beneath an oak; the withered leaves of which rustled in the wintry blast. Here Henry was obliged to endure hunger, thirst, cold, and pain, through a dreary winter's night.

A little before the dawn he heard drums beating to arms. His heart dilated with hope at the sound. "Perhaps," said Henry, "it is the English drums I hear, and I shall yet be relieved; but should it even be those of the enemy, the French are a gallant people, and not destitute of humanity."

Our wounded soldier now perceived a horseman approach, who on coming up to the spot stopped, and accosted him in Dutch. This language was unintelligible to the Englishman, and the stranger spoke to him in French. Joy animated the bosom of the disabled soldier, while the humane stranger alighted to raise him from the ground. The countenance of Henry was expressive of pain and exhaustion—that of the traveller beamed with benevolence, while the language of consolation proceeded from his lips. "You are an Englishman, my friend," said he, "I esteem the English; I am under many obligations to individuals of that excellent nation, and shall now endeavour to repay their kindness to one of their countrymen."

He then assisted Henry to mount, and leading the horse, proceeded slowly and cautiously towards an adjacent town.

Henry now found his knowledge of the French language of essential service, since it enabled him to converse, though imperfectly, with his benefactor. As they slowly ascended a small eminence, the sound of martial music caught their attention, and the French camp appeared at the distance of a mile. Henry sighed on being told by the traveller that the republicans had been victorious, and the English had retreated with precipitation.

On the arrival of the humane stranger and his charge at an inn, he sent for a surgeon, who extracted the bullet from Henry's thigh, and dressed his wound. The stranger then, like the good Samaritan, took out his purse, which he shared with Henry, and presented a card with a direction to his residence in Amsterdam. "When you are perfectly recovered young man," said he, "as the campaign is now nearly over, and the English army at too great a distance for you to rejoin your regiment, if you call upon me I shall befriend you; farewell." He instantly quitted the apartment, before Henry had time to thank him.

Thus was Henry providentially relieved from a most perilous situation; and by the

timely aid of a stranger, restored to society. In less than a month he was so far recovered as to be able to proceed towards the residence of his benefactor.

After a tedious journey, he arrived at Amsterdam, the capital of the seven United Provinces. On enquiry, our adventurer found that his kind friend, Mr. Vanzell, was one of the richest merchants in the city, and a burgomaster, or one of the chief magistrates. Instead of being encouraged by this intelligence, which he learned at the hotel where he stopped, Henry was disconcerted, and at a loss how to act. He wrote to the benevolent Dutchman, and in a few hours a messenger came with an invitation from Mr. Vanzell.

Henry accompanied the messenger to an extensive range of warehouses, all of which were the property of his friend, whom he found in his counting house surrounded by clerks. The worthy Dutchman welcomed Henry, and conducted him to a dining room, where he partook of an elegant repast. After dinner, Mr. Vanzell, finding that Henry had been taught book-keeping, proposed to employ him as a clerk, and offered him a yearly salary of two hundred pounds.

Flemish, or about one hundred guineas. This liberal offer was accepted, and Henry relinquished the sword for the pen. His assiduous attention to business, and activity in promoting the prosperity of his employer, obtained him the esteem and confidence of that virtuous citizen, who secretly resolved to promote his advancement in society.

Meanwhile Henry wrote to his mother, with a faithful detail of his various adventures, his situation, and prospects, and a promise, that he would from time to time, remit part of his salary to her. His principal recreation at intervals of leisure was to ramble through Amsterdam, making observations on that prosperous city and its inhabitants. Henry was much gratified with the magnificence of the public buildings; the cleanliness of the houses and furniture, and the civility of the people.

Amsterdam is a fortified town; the walls are high and strong; the bridge which joins the rampart, is built over the river Amstel, and is a noble piece of architecture. The population of this city is computed at two hundred and forty thousand persons; its conveniences for commerce are admirable. Several of the churches are elegant edifices.



The exchange is one of the principal ornaments of the city, and the harbour, which always contains a vast number of merchant ships, is one of the largest in Europe. The streets of Amsterdam are spacious, well paved, and most of them have canals, with walks adorned with various kinds of trees planted on their borders. This city, from its low situation, labours under the disadvantages of bad air and water, insomuch that the inhabitants are obliged to preserve the rain-water in reservoirs.

The inland trade of Holland is facilitated by the canals which intersect that country, and by means of these, merchandize is not only conveyed from Amsterdam to different parts of the seven United Provinces, but by a communication with the Rhine and other large rivers, to various parts of Germany and Flanders.

The environs of Amsterdam, to which Henry sometimes made a short excursion, are extremely pleasant. Elegant villas adorned with gardens, shrubberies, statues and temples, appear for several miles along the banks of the canals; and thither the citizens occasionally retire to breathe purer air, and enjoy the serenity of rural life. As



the usual mode of travelling is in treckscuits or covered boats, which are drawn by horses, it is very amusing to the citizens who assemble in small parties at the water's edge, to behold these passage-boats as they proceed in succession.

These scenes of serenity and pleasure were particularly pleasing to Henry, who had suffered the hardships which inevitably attend military operations. At the expiration of half a year he received a moiety of his salary, part of which, to the amount of forty guineas, he sent to his mother.

Mr. Vanzell, who remitted the money to his correspondent in London, was so highly pleased with this instance of filial gratitude, that he immediately advanced Henry's salary, and received him under his own roof as an inmate and confidential friend.

The household of this liberal Dutchman consisted of his wife, a niece and four servants. Being childless, he had adopted Lucrece his brother's daughter, and that amiable girl was well entitled to his protection.

Lucrece Vanzell was one of the loveliest women in Amsterdam. She had attained her eighteenth year; her stature, form, and

face inspired the beholder with admiration, while her maidenly deportment was regulated by the purest dictates of modesty. This charming girl had not yet felt the all-conquering power of love; but the moment was approaching when her fair bosom was to receive the impressions of that tender passion. Unaccustomed to the conversation of young men, she was at first very reserved to Henry; but his candour insensibly won her esteem, and her knowledge of his filial regard for his mother, warmed her generous heart with sympathy. "He is a good son," said she to herself, "and a good son would probably be a good husband. But that is no affair of mine," added she, while a blush suffused her face. "Henry may be pre-engaged to some lady of his own country." She sighed at the reflection, and from that moment the Englishman triumphed over her heart.

It was not Henry's personal attractions, however, which had engaged the affections of Lucrece; for several of her countrymen were much handsomer; hers was a passion of sentiment: like Desdemona, "She saw Othello's visage in his mind;" and the vanity natural to a fine woman led her to imagine

that she should soon subdue the heart of Henry.

Nor was she mistaken; their daily intercourse soon led to intimacy, and Henry became the votary of beauty before he was aware of the power of Lucrece's charms. She beheld a sudden change in his deportment with secret joy, convinced that it originated in attachment to herself, while her pure virgin bosom, chaste as that of the Roman Lucretia, was also animated with the most refined love for Henry. Hope and fear, the constant attendants on that celestial passion, alternately predominated in her mind. She was doubtful whether her uncle, generous as he was, would consent to her union with a poor adventurer; yet the manifest partiality of Mr. Vanzell to his English friend, as he called Henry, induced her to cherish the fond hope of an union with the man of her choice.

While Lucrece indulged these reveries, Henry was unhappy. His tenderness for that amiable young lady appeared to him the blackest ingratitude, while his hopeless passion rendered him almost frantic. The perturbation of his mind did not escape the observation of Mr. Vanzell, whose sagacity

soon discovered the cause of Henry's misery. Instead of being offended at what most men of the world would have deemed the height of presumption in a dependent, the generous Dutchman resolved to promote the happiness of Henry. "He is a man of worth," said Mr. Vanzell, "a man of feeling, in whose heart the social virtues predominate; such a companion will insure the felicity of my niece if she loves him. But if she rejects his suit, I must not interfere; love is a passion which cannot be trifled with: and I should rather see Henry unhappy, than embitter the existence of Lucrece."

Inspired with these noble sentiments, Mr. Vanzell continued to observe the conduct of the young people with a vigilant eye. He beheld Henry while in the presence of his niece, timid, irresolute, and confused; while Lucrece, conscious of her triumph, seemed more at ease; nay, sometimes rallied her lover on his melancholy.

Before the lovers came to an explanation, Lucrece was seized with the small pox, that dreadful destroyer of female beauty. From the moment that her illness commenced, Henry became incapable of business; all his fortitude, and even his prudence, seemed to

have forsaken him. When the disease was known, and the pustules appeared, the grief of Henry was more violent than even that of the fair patient herself—but from very different motives—Henry trembled lest the disorder should prove fatal. “If she dies,” exclaimed he in a mournful tone, “I shall never more know happiness!” Lucrece, on the other hand, trembled for her beauty, and dreaded the alienation of Henry’s heart after her charms were effaced.

The indulgent Mr. Vanzell did not chide Henry for his neglect of business; for he perceived that the mind of the unhappy young man was almost in a state of desperation. When the disease came to a crisis, the fever encreased to an alarming degree; and Henry, who waited in the lobby, eagerly enquired of the physician on his return from Lucrece’s apartment, whether her life was in danger. The physician shook his head, and passed on in silence—Henry threw himself on a seat, and burst into tears.

In this situation he was found by Mr. Vanzell. “Rouze yourself, my young friend,” said he, “this unavailing sorrow will not restore Lucrece.” “Ah, Sir,” replied Henry, seizing the hand of the mer-



chant, " if your niece dies, I shall be miserable! I can no longer conceal from my best friend my passion for his relative—I love Lucrece, and would cheerfully die to restore her to health and happiness!" The merchant pressed Henry's hand, while the drops of enthusiasm glistened in his eyes. " Come, come my generous young friend," replied he, " you must not pass your time in useless woe; consider that you have a mother whom it is your duty to protect; nay, even if Lucrece should be taken from us you must not abandon your parent." Henry was electrified; he started up—" I am ashamed of my unmanly weakness," said he, " yes, I have a mother; a good mother; and a sister too whom I love." He then proposed to resume his business, but Mr. Vanzell dissuaded him. " Stay till your mind is in a state of serenity," said that excellent friend, " you can then retrieve your lost time."

Meanwhile, Lucrece languished under the combined pains of a loathsome disease and anxiety. Even when the physician pronounced her out of danger, the instantaneous emotion of joy which filled her bosom while her aunt embraced and congratulated her, was succeeded by a pang of sorrow. " Ah,

madam," said she, "if I should be disfigured, Henry will no longer love me, and I shall be unhappy if deprived of the friendship of Henry!" Her voice faltered as she expressed these words—she was convinced of her indiscretion, and hid her face. "You need not be ashamed of your attachment to that worthy young man," replied Mrs. Vanzell, "nor apprehensive that his affection will be lessened by any change in your appearance. He has suffered more pain than yourself since your confinement; and will doubtless be overjoyed at your recovery."

This intelligence was like a medicine to the heart of Lucrece; she daily grew better, and in a few days consented to admit Henry to an interview. When he entered the apartment he found his beloved Lucrece sitting on a settee, supported by her aunt. Overcome by his emotions, he turned pale, stepped forward, dropped upon his knee, and seizing the hand of his mistress, pressed it to his lips, while the spontaneous tears of joy started from his eyes. "Thank heaven," exclaimed he, "our amiable friend is again restored to our prayers." "Yes, Mr. Thomson," replied Mrs. Vanzell, "our Lucrece is now out of danger; pray take a seat." Henry



obeyed, and sat with downcast eyes which he scarcely ventured to raise, lest his mistress should suspect that he was making observations on the change in her face. So timid is true love, and so unwilling to give the least offence to its object.

During this short visit the lovers conversed with less perturbation than they at first expected; and Henry left the room with a bosom glowing with all the fervour of pure affection.

Notwithstanding her tedious illness, the beauty of Miss Vanzell was soon restored. A few traces, indeed, of the disease were at first slightly perceptible on her lovely face, but they gradually vanished as her frame acquired its usual fulness, and her complexion soon shone with its natural brilliancy.

A letter from Mrs. Thomson reminded Henry of his former error in the concealment of his situation from an affectionate parent, and the necessity of an adherence to truth and rectitude was strongly recommended by that good mother.

The letter was as follows:

DEAR HARRY,

YOUR unexpected remittance was at once a timely supply of money to me, and

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a proof of your unaltered attachment. But, my dear son, I think your conduct, in some degree, reprehensible. Why did you, by an act of duplicity unworthy of an honest man, endeavour to deceive me respecting your employment and destination? Would it not have been more generous, more candid, and more virtuous, to have declared your choice, which I think was noble and worthy? It is only the concealment that I censure. If you knew the tears and sighs which the apprehension of your perils, and the uncertainty of your situation, cost your mother, you would not have embittered that sorrow by endeavouring to elude my enquiries.

Remember, my child, that I taught you to venerate truth; to love your country, and adore your Creator. Keep these great duties in view, "*be just and fear not.*" When circumstances shall permit your return to England, you will, I hope, meet with an affectionate mother and sister; but never again attempt to deceive us, for I should rather hear of your death than your defection from integrity. Farewell, dear Harry, I am, with daily prayers for your happiness,

Your affectionate Mother,

S. THOMSON.

This letter made a deep impression on the mind of Henry, and strengthened his resolution to adhere to a virtuous course of life. He had daily before his eyes the example of Mr. Vanzell, whose punctuality in the performance of all his engagements ensured him the esteem and confidence of those persons with whom he transacted business. This bright model of integrity Henry resolved to imitate, and he felt all his social virtues invigorated by his love for Lucrece. In the mansion of the generous merchant they shared the pure delights of reciprocal affection, and Henry was still the more beloved by his mistress in consequence of the recent proof he had given of his attachment.

When Lucrece was perfectly recovered, her lover solicited the consummation of their happiness; she consented, they were married, and Mr. Vanzell and his wife adopted them the day after their nuptials.

Immediately after his marriage, Henry was taken into partnership by Mr. Vanzell, and pursued his business with all the ardour of a successful speculator. Business, however, did not prevent his tender attention to Lucrece, who daily became, if possible,

more estimable in the eyes of her husband. Thus wealth filled Henry's coffers, plenty presided at his board, and conjugal love crowned his social hours. Amid his prosperity he was by no means unmindful of his mother and sister. He wrote to his mother with an account of the happy change in his circumstances, and sent her 500*l.* by a bill on his correspondent in London. Mrs. Thomson rejoiced in the prosperity of her son, and her heart was gratified by his filial affection. She removed to a decent mansion in Seven-Oaks, where she lived in the tranquillity of retirement.

But even virtue cannot ensure earthly happiness. The ambition of a powerful neighbour subverted the government of the United States, and Henry, with his connexions, was necessarily involved in the common ruin. Very soon after his marriage a French army invaded Holland, and levied heavy contributions on the opulent citizens.

Mr. Vanzell, by the advice of Henry, early sent cash to a considerable amount to their correspondent in London. "There, my dear friend," said Henry, "our property will be secure; it will there be safe from the rapacious French, " those polished robbers,

those ambitious slaves, who are alike deaf to the voice of humanity and justice." Mr. Vanzell acquiesced, and also wrote to his correspondent in Hamburg to retain all that remained of his property till his arrival in that city.

To Hamburg Mr. Vanzell and his family retired, with the regret of all his acquaintance in Amsterdam; but he was obliged to relinquish his possessions in Holland, and emigrated to avoid the military despotism of the French.

He was, however, by no means destitute, for the value of his cash, bills, and merchandize in London and Hamburg, was upwards of fifty thousand pounds. Henry and his consort accompanied their uncle and aunt to Hamburg, and in that free city once more breathed the air of security.

Hamburg is a free imperial city. It consists of the old and the new town. The houses are built after the manner of the Dutch, and elegantly furnished. This city is situated on the banks of the rivers Elbe and Alster: the latter forms a capacious and beautiful basin, and communicates with the canals of the old town by sluices. This city is well fortified, and there are pleasant walks

on the ramparts. The exchange is an elegant edifice; and there are generally not less than two hundred ships belonging to foreign merchants, at anchor in the harbour. Hamburg is governed by a senate, consisting of thirty-six persons, chosen by the people. The inhabitants are Lutherans, and only the English have the privilege of performing divine service in a chapel of their own.

Soon after the arrival of Mr. Vanzell and his family at Hamburg, Henry expressed a wish to revisit his native country. His situation, indeed, was enviable; but notwithstanding the friendly attention of his uncle and aunt, and the affection of his virtuous spouse, Henry was desirous to see another friend—a mother, who from his earliest years had ever been the object of his esteem and veneration.

Mr. Vanzell respected the filial gratitude of his friend; and whatever regret he felt in parting with so estimable a companion, was compensated to his benevolent heart, by reflecting on the exquisite pleasure which a good son and a good mother would share in meeting. He therefore agreed that Henry should go to England, and Lucrece cheerfully prepared to accompany her consort.



Mr. Vanzell, with parental munificence, empowered Henry to receive property to the amount of ten thousand pounds from their correspondent in London; and bequeathed him the residue of his fortune, except a jointure to Mrs. Vanzell if she should survive him. Henry and Lucrece were both overcome by the generosity of their best friend, and the parting scene was like that of affectionate parents and children.

Henry and Lucrece sailed in the packet from Hamburg for London in September 1796. Mrs. Thomson was extremely seasick for some hours, but a gentle slumber perfectly restored her to health. Under the protection of a beloved husband, her mind became tranquil; the novel scene of a wavy expanse, with here and there a solitary ship, was amusing to her mind; and she looked forward with hope, to the moment when she should arrive in England; a country which she had ever heard praised.

Nothing worthy of remark happened to our adventurers during their voyage; they arrived safe in the river Thames, proceeded immediately to London, and on the following day they set out together on a visit to his mother and sister, at Seven-Oaks in Kent.



It would be difficult to describe the emotions of this mother and son on meeting. Henry, for a moment, forgot even his wife and sister, and sunk on one knee to crave the maternal benediction of a beloved parent, while his worthy and pious mother breathed thanks to Divine Providence for restoring her son. Henry took possession of the property given to him by the liberal Mr. Vanzell; he now lives in the enjoyment of that rational happiness which proceeds from the practice of the social virtues, and is generally esteemed by his neighbours.

THE END.







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